



The Student's Pen

February = 1941

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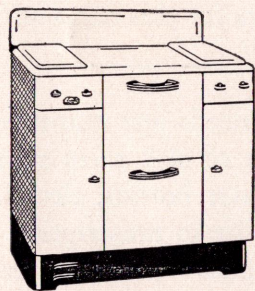
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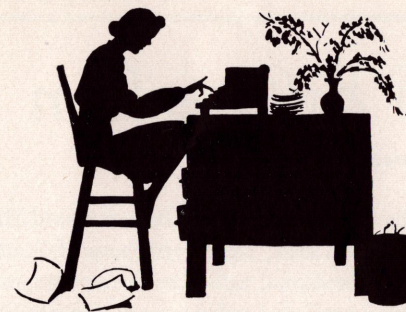
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AN ANSWER
By Margaret Walsh

Our hopes, our dreams, our yearnings—
Let's toss them all away;
The door of Fate is opened
To another day.
A day that's filled with sadness,
With heartache and despair;
A dark day that no gladness,
No happiness will bear.

For us is there no future
Or nothing more to gain?
Will coming years be numbered
And lives be spent in vain?
Ah no, sad heart, remember,
There will be no defeat;
If with our shoulders straightened
The foe we go to meet.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

73rd/81st

1941

By Helen S. Wade

NOW we are well started on a new year. Mistakes and failures of 1940 are forgotten as we try to look ahead and map a course for the youthful year of 1941. Many tomorrows of this year will be for us happy ones; others, sad. We cannot, of course, know what the future will bring, nor would most of us want to, if it were possible. Today we see England putting up a gallant resistance against the physical and mental horror of constant warfare. In a glass of tomorrow might we not see her lying in tears and blood—defeated? Today we see America free and secure. Tomorrow might we not see her in a death struggle against trade monopoly and world domination? Today we are safe within our homes. Tomorrow might we not be scattered, with family ties severed and homes broken? Rather than look into such a future and verify the fears of today we prefer to hope for better things and think what we may do to bring them about in the days behind the thin veil of the elusive "tomorrow".

The last decade has brought European affairs uncomfortably near home. It is an undeniable truth that with the perfection of the modern airplane Europe is not more than twelve hours away. Every year has seen the great ocean between the American nations and the European continent grow narrower. will undoubtedly shrink even more during

the year of 1941. We cannot longer cherish illusions of our "isolationism". Our security, financial and physical, is far too involved in the present struggle. If we are inclined to look upon all this European turmoil as unimportant to our personal security, let us remember for a moment that many of the nine nations which had fallen by the end of 1940 felt too, that they were outside the aims of A. Hitler. With this reminder of German conquest and desire for a "new world order", our foreign policies become increasingly important. As President Roosevelt has stated so simply: "It will never be earlier." This is applicable not only to our national affairs but to the actions of every American.

All of our tomorrows of 1941 will be important ones. Now as never in our lives we are feeling this imperative need for daily haste in the nation's actions. Ships and planes must be built, each with the utmost accuracy. Conscripted young men must be educated in the ways of the army. Aviators and seamen must be carefully trained. In a not too far distant future we may be called upon to do our part in the huge program of national defense. In the year just beginning, what we think, and say, and do about these national policies is important; for it is through the intelligent, earnest, cooperative spirit of every citizen that the United States will remain democratically strong.

An Answer to a Question

By Rosina Criscitello

ALMOST every student in P. H. S. has at some time heard about the Maplewood Essay Contest, which is held annually at P. H. S. for the girls of the senior class, a prize being awarded to the one whose essay is judged the most original, the most effectively written and the most nearly correct in presentation.

Famous as this essay contest has become in P. H. S., very few of the students are familiar with its origin and the purpose for which it was established. "Just what is the Maplewood Prize?" they ask.

It all started about one hundred years ago—in 1841 to be exact. At that time in Pittsfield, which was then but a small village with only a few of the many mills and factories of which it now boasts, there was established a girls' school known as the "Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute." This school, which was located on the present site of the Maplewood Apartments, acquired in 1854 the name of the "Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute."

Village though it was, and small, Pittsfield had every right to be proud of this institute; for, if you recall to mind the history of the period around the year 1841, you will remember that the education of women had received little consideration. Therefore, the institute was considered a progressive step in "female education", and it added a distinguished touch to Pittsfield.

The school year was divided into two sessions with an intervening month's vacation. The first session extended from May to October and the second from November to April.

The 1847 Annual Circular for the institute, in describing the fine location of the school, stated that the institute could be reached "in two hours and a half from Albany, Hudson, or Springfield, in twelve from New York, and in eight from Boston."

The Annual Circular also contained the information that, for the purpose of "carrying the girls abroad a few miles for exercise and relaxation," the school was equipped with "elegant carriages, seating from twenty-five to thirty at a time. As a further means of securing health," the catalogue continues, "there is attached to the establishment a bathing house, retired, commodious, and fitted up with every convenience for warm and cold ablutions."

In the year 1847 the school had an enrollment of two hundred thirty-three students, to whom was offered a variety of interesting subjects such as History, Geography, Algebra, Logic, Philosophy, English Grammar, several sciences, and a wide range of languages. The total cost for a year's attendance at the school amounted to the small sum of one hundred eighty dollars.

In the year 1884, after a successful existence of forty-three years, the "Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute" was closed. Although the school no longer existed, there yet remained a large alumnae body. These women, realizing that with them would die the very name of the "Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute," decided that steps should be taken to perpetuate the memory of the school. They, therefore, established at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, a scholarship known as the Maplewood Institute Scholarship. A sum of money was also set aside in a Pittsfield bank, the interest on which is used yearly to award a prize to the girl student at Pittsfield High School who writes the best essay on a given subject. This award is known as the Maplewood Institute Prize. Hence, the annual Maplewood Essay Contest, which fosters scholastic achievement and keeps alive the memory of the "Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute."

Goodwill Toward Men

By Elizabeth M. Urban

THE muggy air hung like a shroud over the counters piled high with ten cent gadgets, inexpensive children's games in cardboard boxes, tin soldiers, balls, banks, whistles, and what not. A cold draft whipped along the floor, numbing the clerks' ankles, as a few stragglers bustled in to purchase last minute odds and ends to fill Christmas stockings to the brim or a few more light bulbs for the Christmas tree. Mr. Higgs, the well rounded proprietor, leaned heavily against the cash register and chatted with a customer, his shiny trousers unhampered by even the slightest sign of a crease.

Mr. Higgs being safely engaged in conversation, Janet Simson, clerking during the holidays, leaned over to her co-worker, and muttered angrily, "Did you hear the latest? 'Simon Legree' over there wants me to stay after work tonight and help take the Christmas trimmings down. Of course, he didn't ask me what I thought of the idea. Just said I was to stay. And what could I do? After all, I need this job if I'm going to go to college next year. But let me tell you, I haven't been this mad in years. Stay after work on Christmas Eve! You know Ann Graves? Well, her brother is having his college roommate, Jerry Burns, visit him during the vacation. We were all going out tonight caroling and then back to Ann's to have hot chocolate, and dance. It isn't every night that I get a chance to go out with someone new. They say Jerry is the best-looking fellow. And here I have to work in this drafty dime store for that slave driver. Honestly I'm so disgusted that I could scream, but—"

Mary Brown interrupted Janet's violent declamation. "Maybe I could stay instead. I really haven't anything important to do

tonight. I was just going over to my sister's, and I can do that any time. I wouldn't mind a bit."

"Oh, I couldn't let you—not on Christmas Eve!" Then hesitantly, "Well, if you're sure you don't mind, I'd certainly appreciate it a lot. And I'll make it up to you, you just wait and see. Jerry's visit is the most important thing that's happened to me in ages. You're sure you don't care?" she asked in a way that made possible only one answer.

"Glad to do it!" Mary answered as she fumbled with her belt buckle. Mary wasn't the vivacious girl that Janet was. She was shy and retiring, completely lacking in self-confidence.

When closing time came, Janet tossed the white sheets over the counter, grabbed her purse, and flew out the door, stopping only long enough to call a hasty goodbye to Mary; "Thanks loads! It's peachy of you to do this for me. I promise to make it up to you. See you next Saturday."

"It's O. K.!" Mary called to the closing door as she turned her attention to her task at hand with a tear trickling down her cheek. Why couldn't she be in with the crowd? She knew all the girls at school, but they never seemed to ask her to any of their parties. She'd be glad to do anything they asked her to do. But that was just it. She was always doing things for them—not that she minded the actual doing of the work—but they never gave her a second thought; they just seemed to take her for granted. If only she could be like Janet.

Williamsfield was one of those not-too-large cities where all the young people in town go to one large high school. Before the Christmas vacation was over, everyone knew that Jerry Burns was definitely interested in Janet

Simson. Everyone knew that he had dated her steadily throughout his stay at the Graves' home. Why, he hadn't even given Ann Graves a tumble, and visiting her very own brother! By the time he left for college, everyone agreed that he and Janet were "made for each other." All the high school students thought it was a shame when he had to go back to school. He was such a smooth dancer. Everyone had gazed in envy when he and Janet had done the newest steps of the Congo at the "Y" Christmas dance. However, at last he had to return to college.

Each day Janet went to Williamsfield High, where she was flooded with questions, some subtle, some direct. "Had he kissed her?" "Was he going to write every day?" "When would she see him again?"

Then one Saturday morning Janet, looking particularly radiant, went to work at Higg's store. When she took her place, it seemed that she would burst if she could not talk to someone. Mr. Higgs went down to the basement to unpack some new stock. Almost before his back was turned, Janet ran across the aisle to Mary and pointed over her heart. There was pinned a tiny fraternity pin.

"Oh, how lovely, Janet! Aren't you thrilled!" exclaimed Mary excitedly. And somewhat wistfully, she added, "You'll be going steady, now, won't you?"

"Of course, we'll just go steady. I'm going to college in the fall. But, maybe someday—"

"That's grand, simply grand," Mary said, as she recovered herself.

"Mary, I want you to know that I appreciate all that you did for me."

"What I did?"

"Yes. I mean the night you worked for me so I could go out with Jerry. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have got to know him. He'd have gone back to school at the end of the Christmas vacation, and I'd have never seen him. What I want you to know is that I realize how much I owe to you. Honestly,

if there's anything that I can do for you—I'll do it. Anything."

* * *

A year passed, and Christmas vacation came again. Janet, home from college, was working for the holidays at Higg's dime store. As usual, the clerk on the opposite counter was timid Mary Brown. But Janet seldom spoke to Mary; Janet's mind was filled with plans for the New Year's Eve party at which her engagement to Jerry Burns would be announced. All the bustling days before Christmas, she worked under the watchful eye of Mr. Higgs, but even his queerness failed to ruffle her. Dazedly she endeavored to serve the customers in quest of Christmas novelties, while she dreamed of the festivities, the list of guests, the dance orchestra, and the refreshments. At night she would dash home to write her invitations and chat with her mother and sisters about the big night.

It was a forlorn Mary Brown, however, that made her way home these nights before New Year's Eve. She had heard the girls talking of Janet's party and of all the young people that would be there. She yearned so to be in on the merrymaking that her life seemed sheer drudgery.

A day or two before the party Janet's mother exclaimed, "What about Mary? It seems as if you ought to ask Mary."

"Mary, Mary who?" Janet wanted to know.

"Mary Brown, of course. After all, you two went to high school together, and she works in Higg's store with you."

"Oh," reluctantly. "Yes, but who'd ask her to dance? She is so bashful, so out-of-place. Why, even if a boy should ask her to dance, she would become so flustered that it would be plain misery for him."

"Nonsense! Just because she isn't as smart as your crowd, is no reason to snub her; and besides, the poor dear is probably just waiting to be asked."

"All right, all right! I'll send her an invitation tomorrow. I'm tired now. Let's stop and fix some hot chocolate before we go to bed."

The next morning Janet grudgingly wrote the invitation, tucked it in her pocket, and set out for the Five and Ten. Mr. Higgs greeted her as she entered. He was all smiles; the Christmas season had proved good. Mary was there, too, with her timid, bunny-like movements. As she caught sight of Janet, her heart began to beat faster. "Can it be that Janet is going to ask me to her party?" she thought longingly. But all day long Mary waited in vain. Janet said not a single word about the New Year's dance. For that matter, Janet had decided she wouldn't invite Mary after all. She was too shy and awkward. As Janet explained to her mother that night, Mary was just impossible.

"Honestly, Mum, I simply couldn't mail it. I saw her in Higg's, and she looked so—so—simple."

"Why, Janet!" exclaimed her mother. "I am disappointed," and without another word, Mrs. Simson walked out of the room with a strange look on her face. Suddenly Janet was aware of the enormity of her ingratitude. Suppose Mary was stiff and awkward. She was kind and generous, and hadn't her kindness brought Janet and Jerry Burns together? Janet caught up her coat and dashed out to post the delayed invitation.

There was gay music on New Year's Eve in the Simson residence. Couples danced by the windows, talking, laughing, and enjoying themselves. One of the gayest of the throng was Mary Brown, a Cinderella transformed by her happiness into a princess. She seemed to be an entirely different person. Her pretty evening dress, her evident delight in the pleasant surroundings, had brought forth all her delicate charm.

Janet, hugging her own happiness close to her heart, whispered to her mother, "I'm so glad we asked her. All she needed was a chance to be happy, and if it hadn't been for you, Mother, she wouldn't have had it. What an ungrateful minx I am. But I've learned a lesson from you and Mary. Kindness pays the biggest dividends, after all."

KING RED

By M. Criscitiello

I stand alone—aghast, amazed,
And rub my bloodshot eyes;
My head is numb, my senses dazed,
—Will someone heed my cries?

Oh, humans, listen to my pleas,
And profit by my fate;
We're victims of a Red disease,
A scourge of blood and hate.

For colors are at war again,
On the battlefield of clothes;
And Red, that villain, bold and vain,
Has caught us in his throes.

He's conquered gloves and sox and hats,
And ties are his delight;
He's even after shoes and spats,
With all his gory might!

Alas! No longer can you fight
Against this fiery foe;
For quiet shades, so clear and light,
Are things of long ago.

And when you're beaten by the Flame,
Just lift your weary eyes;
And look with silent awe and shame
Upon the clear, blue skies.

Be sure to take a good, long gaze
At the heaven o'erhead;
But don't be too amazed to see
Its azure turning red!

All photographs in the Who's Who this month were taken by Donald Clark.

Sunset Preferred

By Kevin Lynch

WHEN the day is new and all the world expectant and flushed in the rosy tints of sunrise, I enjoy the warm comfort of my bed. Sometimes I manage to open one eye long enough to discover that the sun is rising. More often, my eyelids remain shut obstinately, while the excited chirping of birds informs me that something glorious is happening outside. In the early morning I have a hard time convincing myself that I am missing some of life's rarest moments. Could anything be a rarer treat than the ecstatic sensation of floating half deliriously between sleep and reality?

My nearest approach to enjoyment of the rising sun has been in reading poetry. Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" is inspiring. My slight acquaintance with sunrise has made me sensitively aware of the truth and beauty expressed in the uplifting line, "Earth, with her thousand voices praises God." Such eloquence, however, is not strong enough to uplift me from the invincible innersprings.

Repeatedly in the evening, I resolve with Corinna to "See how Aurora throws her fair, fresh-quilted colors through the air." But, inevitably, morning finds me another guilty slug-a-bed, like those whom Robert Herrick upbraided three centuries ago.

I wonder if a truly worthwhile poet ever succumbed to the temptation of setting his alarm clock for five in the morning, only to throw his old shoe at it when it rang, and resume his delectable slumber?

Curiously, modern prose writers, too, profess their enthusiasm for the dewy hours of morning. I have just finished reading William Saroyan's latest book, "My Name is Aram", in which he describes the incomparable joy of an escapade at daybreak, with a ques-

tionably acquired white horse. Of course, Aram was only nine when that happened. Boys are generally quite energetic at nine, but the adolescent years seem to have a soporific effect on most of us. I think Aram's grandfather, who had a remarkable perception and a tart tongue, might have said: "When you read in a book that an ounce of dawn is worth a pound of day, that writer has insomnia." I may be wrong. Perhaps Old Man Garoghlanian would have made no such utterance, but he struck me as an exceedingly practical man. I think when lazy Uncle Jorgi got up early, Aram's grandfather knew that it was only so that he might loaf longer.

When a long trip has been planned in our family, my father comes to our bedroom doors, exhorting us to jump up and see the gorgeous sunrise.

"I prefer sunset," I groan miserably, my whole being rebellious at the thought of getting up. Am I alone in my vehement preference for sunset?

WINTRY REFUGE

By Mary Jane Keeney

There is a frosty, solemn peace
Enfolding the visitor to a wintry wood,
Where tall, white stillness brings release
From doubt e'er human comfort could;
Calm soothes his sore-tried faith, and heals
Raw disillusion's pignant weals.
The muted music of a psalm
Allays, transcends all earthly strife
When, seeking silence as a balm,
He enters a forest far from Life.

Manners for Motorists

or Don't Hit That Pedestrian, Bud;
She May Be Somebody's Mother

By Dick Kaufman

WHEN you say 'Manners' to me, suh, —smile!" So said one famous (I-forget-his-name-now) man. He had something there, that gent, for the subject of manners is an extremely delicate one; and when handling it, one must be careful not to offend anyone. I, good-natured fellow that I am, shall offend everyone.

We Americans, I suppose, are just as mannerly at the dinner table and at the formal party as any other people in the world. "But, chum," may I ask, "Is that the true test of manners?"

Quick as something or other—I forget the cliché at the moment—you answer, "No!" For we all know that the true test of courtesy and consideration for the rights of others must not be held in the drawing room. It must be held where one American meets another American on equal footing.

The best place for this proposed test would be, not on the field of honor, but, on the highway. There every American, armed with an automobile, would be put to a grueling test, and a norm established. Then and only then could we discover whether we Americans are the well-mannered people that we are cracked up to be.

To discover, we must first observe. My observations for, lo, these many years have led me to believe that all drivers fall into one or more of the following classes: (1) the "cute kid" type, (2) the "wise guy" group, (3) the selfish people, (4) the "goody-goody" boys and girls, and (5) the "Alphonse and Gaston" boys.

The "cute kid" type—you know, the kind of fellows who would "swipe" Grandpa's

only toupee just so they could have hair on their chests—are the ones who intentionally steal a parking place from you after you have been waiting at least ten minutes for it. While the act would not constitute even petty larceny, it does place these "cute kids" in the very—but very—obnoxious category.

The "wise guy" group includes those people—mostly women—who, when you blow your horn to pass, will either pull out of line to pass, also, or speed up, thereby preventing you from passing. These "wise guys and gals" incite within my meek and humble breast the urge to kill—(Oh, for Heaven's sakes! control yourself, Kaufman!).

The selfish drivers—most of the "wise guys" also fall into this classification—are the I-expect-special-privileges-on-the-road people. Into this division, the third, I have placed the road hogs, and the never-dim-their-lights-at-night folks.

The "goody-goody" girls and boys are the ones who never—I said never, brother,—drive over fifteen miles per hour, and never go past a light until they have waited at least thirty seconds to make sure that the green light is facing them. Sure, you've bumped in to these people often. 'Nuff said.

The "Alphonse and Gaston" boys—never girls—are the ones who when coming to an intersection always waive their right of way. If the other motorist is a lady,—should I say woman?—she will, of course, take the right of way, whether he waives it or not—for after all, is she not a lady? Nay, nay, dear, this would not be so with a gentleman, for he

(Continued on page 25)

Chance Scores A Hit

By Lois Dickert

ON New Year's Eve Linda had firmly resolved that in the forthcoming year she would gain some victory, however small, over her prettier, and more popular sister, Sandra. Linda had declared hotly that she wasn't going to sit by and watch her sister get all the dates, carry off all the honors, and have all the fun. It wasn't her fault that her red hair was not half so pretty as her sister's honey-colored curls. She must and she would do something about it! But as it happened the resolution was kept only by chance.

Jimmy Matthews had come to see Sandra—an event which occurred so frequently that Linda thought nothing of it, but went about the dull and dreary task of cleaning out her room. She did not know that Jimmy had come to ask Sandra if she would act in a play which he was directing. Perhaps, had Linda known this, she would not have gone about her work so calmly.

Downstairs in the parlor Jimmy was saying, "I'm sorry, Sandra, but you'll have to try out the part here and now before I can give it to you definitely. It's one of our rules, you know."

"Oh, that's all right," Sandra said in a smooth, purring tone, although underneath it all she felt annoyed by the fact that he had not enough confidence in her acting to give her the part without a tryout. But she did as she was asked because she wanted to be in the play. It would be an opportunity to make herself even more popular. Her attempts at acting, however, were none too successful.

Meanwhile, in cleaning her room, Linda had come across a letter hidden in her dresser, a letter which she soon realized was a love letter to Sandra.

"So! Now she's getting so many love letters that her room's too small to hold them

and she has to use my room," Linda thought.

Unmindful of any consequences which might follow, Linda opened the letter. As she read it, she realized that Sandra had been trying to keep the letter a secret from Mother. None of them had ever kept anything secret from Mother before. Linda felt a lot, uncontrollable anger surge up within her. Her whole face fairly burned even to the very roots of her red hair. Linda heard the French door slam as the two young people below practiced entering on cues. Thinking that Jimmy had departed, she rushed downstairs to confront her sister with the incriminating missive.

"So, you thought you could keep it secret by hiding it in my room!" she cried, emphasizing the "it" by shaking the letter in her sister's face.

"Well, I'm going to tell Mother that you're keeping company with someone you're ashamed even to let others know about."

Sandra now gathered her composure. "Don't make a scene," she said quietly.

"Who's here to witness it?"

"I am," came a masculine voice behind her.

Now it was Linda's turn to be surprised. She wheeled about and saw Jimmy.

"Why I-I," she stammered. She had made a fool of herself again, she thought miserably. But Jimmy had a different idea.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "You're great! Think you could act like that in our play? You're exactly what we want." He showered her with compliments.

"Well, I guess I could," said Linda, the matter of the letter completely forgotten.

"Let's go then," Jimmy said, holding out his arm to her with mock ceremony.

As she left, Linda couldn't resist giving Sandra a saucy wink. She had won her victory.

A World of Noses

By M. Criscitiello

NOSES are that part of the anatomy which enable humans to conceive of and distinguish various odors in the surrounding atmosphere. However, to me they have a particular significance other than that which pertains to the olfactory sense. They provide the one sure guidance to the insight of an individual's real character. All the affectitious camouflage of an assumed personality cannot blot out the truth which the nose divulges.

When I meet a stranger on the street, my first glance is always directed towards his nose whether it be of large or small proportion. Immediately I know his personality as clearly and definitely as if he had related his life story to me himself. For you see, every peculiarity of his character, each virtue and each fault, is basically outlined in his "proboscis". One may change his ways, adopt new mannerisms, reform previous social hindrances, but his nose stays the same.

Even after the transformation of old "Scrooge", Dickens' personification of selfishness, his cold, sharp, piercing nose remained fixed upon his countenance. His eyes, which of old were sodden and dull, had assumed a warm, comforting twinkle, and his mouth, formerly a frowning orifice emitting only caustic speech, had become a smiling crescent through which emerged only words of praise and kindness. But his nose showed no change. It still exemplified the character of a "grumpy, frumpy, ill-tempered, sour, unfriendly, old man."

As I go out into the world, I catch sight of thousands of noses, some commonplace, others interesting, a few even hideous—but all different.

There is the neat, pert, little nose of a "cute" secretary contrasting with the big,

fat, large-veined nose of her employer. The round, dirty nose of a tramp and the slim, powdered possession of a debutante; the long, lumpy nose of a politician and the flat crushed nose of a prize-fighter.

There is the fine, delicate nose of the minister, a man who goes about teaching truth and righteousness. There is the bold, stubborn nose of a lawyer whose mainstay in life is debate and argument.

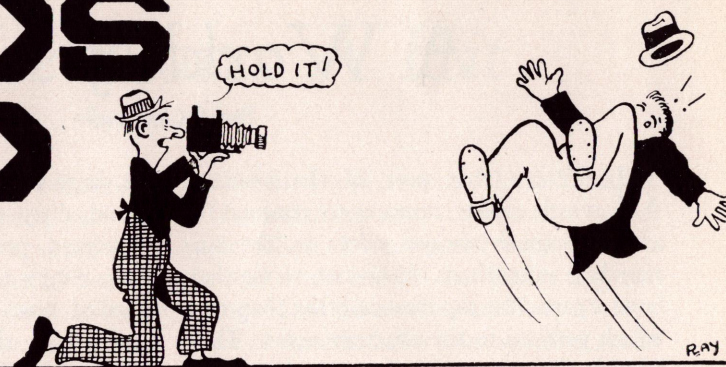
Here we see another Caesar, born with ambition in his soul. His nose is of large proportions with a convincing, Romanesque curve. Much too often, we catch sight of a jovial, reddened nose whose owner is one who frequents taverns, meditating his dizzy, whirling philosophy of life with his head sunk low over a world of foam.

Again, we see four long, pointed, wedge-like "beaks" surrounding a bridge table, wiggling right and left, and prying into the secrets of their neighbors' lives.

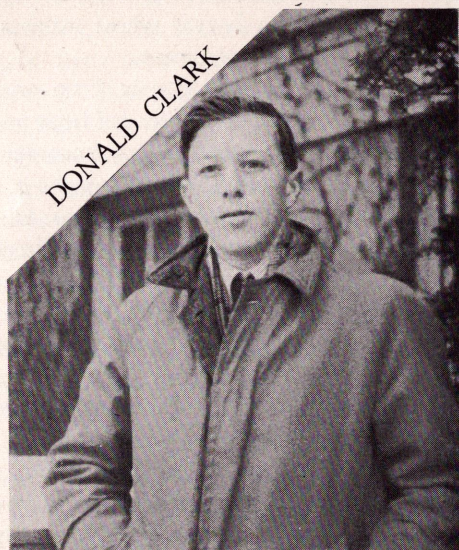
No longer do I go about the world as a normal being, for I find myself with my eyes and thoughts and speech directed only towards noses. I shake hands with noses, converse with noses, transact business with noses. In all, humans to me are no longer people, but noses.

I am hoping, yes, still faintly hoping for a remedy to conquer this disease. Perhaps the cure will come with the innovation of plastic surgery, transforming the contour of the face with knife and needle. Then again, it may be found in nose-guards. Ah, yes! There must be a world-wide movement to equip everyone with a nose-guard to hide his true character from his fellow men. Whatever shape, size, or form it comes in, it must be an antidote to cure me of this dilemma—a nightmare of noses!

WHO'S WHO



DONALD CLARK



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Seniors, here he is, Donald Clark, editor-in-chief of your Year Book. A versatile young man, Don is Treasurer of Torch Hi-Y, PEN photographer, and a member of the band. He's pretty busy these days, but he doesn't forget to leave a place for his favorite hobby, photography, and its runner-up, swimming. The way to Don's heart is with a big, luscious fudge sundae. And, girls, a little birdie told us that he ranks blondes A. Don says that his pet peeve is punctuation. And don't ask him about the "surplus" in the Torch treasury.

ELIZABETH URBAN



RADIO'S GOLDEN VOICE

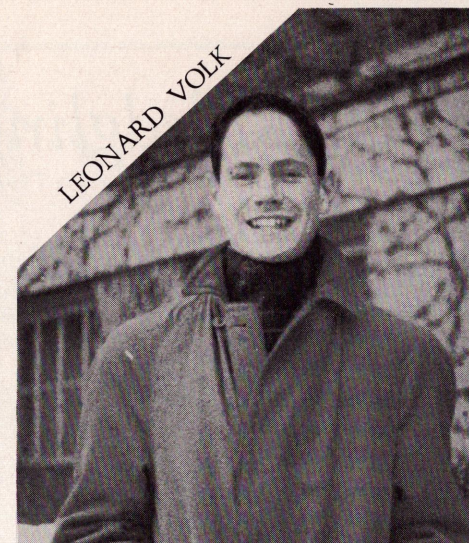
Yes, sir! This is the big event that you've been waiting for. What is it? Why to meet Elizabeth Urban or "Betts" as most people call her. This charming senior is quite a figure in the Radio Guild and on STUDENTS' PEN. Whenever there are eats around, "Betts" always seems to be on hand. Her few dislikes are history (but not the teacher) and "petite" girls who drive red cars and are continually injuring the reputation of our feminine world!! (What have we done to deserve this?).

BANKER

Seniors, Juniors, and especially "Sophies", take notice of the handsome senior. Yes, you've guessed who. It's Leonard Volk, treasurer of the senior class. He's the man who takes care of all (?) our money and balances our accounts. Len says he hopes to go to West Point. Won't he look super in one of those cadet uniforms!

Besides being an active member of P. H. S., he belongs to Torch Hi-Y. By the way, gals, the password with Len, is "Chocolate Cake". But don't ask him to help you with your homework—he dislikes school. However, strictly between you and me, he's an honor student.

LEONARD VOLK



WARREN KING



TURKEY FIEND

Step this way, Seniors, and get fitted into gorgeous purple gowns with hats to match. Yes, sir, if you haven't already guessed it, this is Warren King, Chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee.

Warren definitely approves of two Thanksgivings, for turkey and all the trimmings are his specialty. Warning: Feed him carrots or fried onions at your own risk.

He likes English, dislikes U. S. History, and thinks school is "just fair."

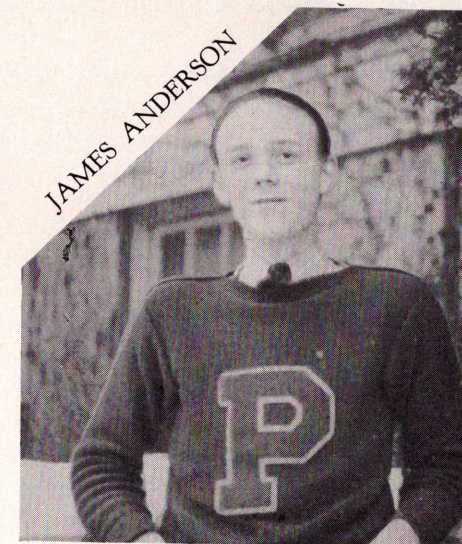
THE "BIRDIE" MAN

Presenting James ("Bud" to most of you) Anderson in person! As chairman of the picture committee he is busy right now urging the seniors to "look at the birdie."

You can put almost any kind of food in front of Bud and he'll "go to" with great gusto, but he shines like the Hawaiian sun when it comes to cake, pie, and other "sweets".

He enjoys helping out the Pittsfield team when it comes to football, and he's fond of basketball, too. He's one of those "camera fiends", so if you see him running around with a camera, you'll know why!

JAMES ANDERSON



Fledgling Wings

By Thomas Fehily

THE many friends of Jimmy Hourihan, P. H. S. '40 will be pleased to hear that we have received a letter from him sent from France Field, Canal Zone, where he was assigned shortly after his enlistment in the United States Army Air Corps. Thus far he approves of army life and writes enthusiastically about military routine.

"Our day," he writes," begins with the first call at 4.45 A. M. We have until 5.30 to clean up our quarters and take care of our shoes and equipment. At 5.30 we hear the call for breakfast. Then we are free until 6.45, when we line up for roll call and assignment.

"The work is varied in accordance with one's classification. I am following aviation mechanics and will specialize in aircraft welding. I must also give some time to study and posting of notes.

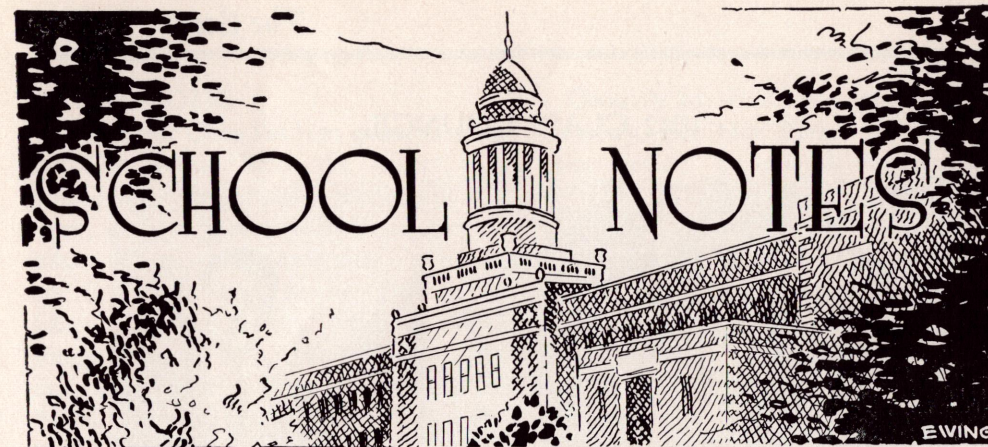
"Our work for the day ends about 3.30 P. M. and from then on, we are free. For recreation we have gym, swimming, hiking, or movies at the Post Theatre. For other sports, we have baseball, basketball, golf or tennis. For a touch of night life, we may leave the reservation and go to Colon or



Cristobal. I also find enjoyment in long hikes into the jungles and interior, as the tropic vegetation and strange animal, bird and insect life fascinate me. This fascination is so deep that I have taken up collecting the beautiful tropical butterflies as a hobby."

Military censorship does not permit an exact statement of the size and personnel of France Field, but Jimmy could say that the enlisted personnel totaled several thousand men. There are no pursuit squadrons based at France Field; the squadrons there at the time of his letter were composed of observation and bombardier units.

Jimmy is feeling fine, but finds it a bit hard to become accustomed to the Panama climate. He misses the Berkshires, and sometimes feels a slight longing to be back at Pittsfield High. Is there a reason?



EDITOR: Dorothy E. Calnan

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Irene Cooney, Gloria Cushman: Martha Chapman, Patricia Fallon, William Kelly, Olga Massimiano, Arlene O'Brien, Barbara Parger, Ruth Tappin, Helen Williams

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Plans for the operetta are rapidly progressing, and in a short time "The Pirates of Penzance" will be ready to be presented. Much credit is due, not only to Mr. Gorman and the members of the cast, but to the operetta chorus. They have worked very hard to make the program a success. The members of the chorus are as follows:

Sopranos—Genevieve Begley, Myrtle Begley, Eleanor Corneau, Gilda Di Nicola, Ida May Ewing, Patricia Fallon, Cynthia Hyatt, Ruth Jansen, Gloria Librizzi, Marion Latimer, Dale Miller, Harriet Meyer, Anne Pomerantz, Gloria Reder, Marjorie Rothkopf, Mary Samale, Olivia Scafe, Elodie Sherman.

Altos—Carmen Aria, Mary Byrne, Phyllis Cooley, Ceiclia Conroy, Irene Cooney, Philomena Chiachiarotte, Lois Hadsell, Marion Holden, Pearl Harris, Elaine Kriger, Jane La Broad, Rosemary McHugh, Margaret Nash, Rose Pizzuto, Mary Pires, Isabelle Sprague.

Tenors—Livio Bertoldi, William Deminoff, Edward Daly, Melvin Fake, Bruno Galvagni, Gregory Mosca, Arthur Pelaccio, Charles Smith.

Basses—Winton Bassett, Martin Connors,

Alexander Cullen, Olindo Dragone, Jonathan Duker, Robert Gardna, John P. Kelly, Frederick Lyon, Roy Reinhold, Albert Robitaille, Joseph Zofrea.

SENIOR NOTES

The Senior class is busily preparing for what promises to be a great production. "The Pirates of Penzance." The general chairman, Everett Gleason, has appointed the following committee chairmen: Program Committee, Dorothy Calnan; Ticket Committee, Robert Halford; Stage Committee, Robert Herd; Ushers, Evelyn Denno; Doorman, Donald Boyce; Publicity Committee, Fred Thrane.

The second ring order has been completed. The seniors are beginning to realize that their stay at P. H. S. is nearly over as they proudly display their class rings.

The Cap and Gown Committee headed by Warren King, and the Picture Committee with James Anderson in charge, will meet in the near future.

The Senior Yearbook will take its place among the best that P. H. S. has ever seen as Donald Clark, the editor, swings into action. All of the staff has not yet been chosen.

1942 CLASS COUNCIL



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1942

Helen Williams
TreasurerJohn Wilkinson
PresidentJean Scott
SecretaryPatrick Milanari
Vice President

Melvin Allen
Marion Berard
Joan Collins
Joe Condrón
William Daminoff
Irma Dondi
Olindo Dragone
Patricia Fallon
Leonora Galiana
Cecil Gamwell
Ruth Green
Leonard Guay
Helen Heidel
Francis Kasuba
William Peter Kelly

Bohdan Kruck
Charlotte R. Lipson
Theodore Mezejewski
Katherine Monteleone
Lawrence Naughton
Helen O'Connell
Shirley Perry
Anthony Procopio
William Rice
Genevieve Scott
Viola Stankiewicz
Norman Varney
Ruth White
Harding Whitham

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Class has kept quite busy the last few weeks. Since the seniors have proved that representative government will work, we have tried it with satisfactory results. There are twenty-nine members, one from each Home Room. They are as follows: Melvin Allen, Marion Berard, Joseph Condrón, Joan Collins, William Daminoff, Irma Dondi, Olindo Drozone, Patricia Fallon, Cecil Gamwell, Leonora Galiana, Leonard Gray, Ruth Green, Helen Heidel, Francis Kasuba, Bohden Kruck, William P. Kelly, Charlotte Lipson, Theodore Mezejewski, Katherine Monteleoni, Laurence Naughton, Helen O'Connell, Anthony Procopio, Shirley Perry, William Rice, Genevieve Scott, Viola Stankiewicz, Norman Varney, Harding Whitham, and Ruth White.

Modestino Criscitello has been elected Chairman of the Ring Committee and Gloria Granfield, chairman of the Good Will Committee.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

With everyone else so busy, we feel quite lost. The seniors are getting ready for their graduation, the juniors are making plans for their Prom, and all we can do is to sit back and watch. Perhaps, when the Gym Exhibition comes along, we girls shall be able to "strut our stuff", but that is still a long way off. Yes, sometimes we think that being a soph isn't so much fun after all.

"SHE FLOATS THRU THE AIR—"

At least that is the impression we got at a recent assembly where Miss Burke, an air stewardess on the American Air Lines, furthered our knowledge of the duties of a stewardess, and of the intricacies of the many occupations connected with flying and airplanes. From Miss Burke's detailed information, we came to the conclusion that being an air hostess is not, speaking colloquially, a "cinch."

Contrary to what many people believe, there are, says Miss Burke, "very few airplane crashes." So let's ride the Air.

"HOW TO USE STEAM"

Through the efforts of Mr. Strout we had the privilege of hearing Dr. Bernard Clausen of Pittsburgh, Pa., speak on January 10. Dr. Clausen's magnetic personality engaged the student's utmost attention during a beneficial talk on anger.

Anger, we learned, is like steam; and if used in the right way, it can be serviceable. Speaking of the right use of anger, Dr. Clausen cited the work of Father Damian among the lepers, and the efforts of Abraham Lincoln to free the slaves as instances of services inspired by righteous anger. Two sentences the speaker asked us to remember: "Anger is steam. Anger should be steady, self-contained, and serviceable."

SKIING AMERICA SECOND

In the second A. I. E. E. Assembly Mr. Sidney Shurcliff presented colored films on skiing. Mr. Shurcliff's films were received with great enthusiasm as you can well imagine. These movies dealt with the new centers of skiing—Mt. Hood, Oregon; Mt. Baker, Washington; The Sugar Bowl, California; Sun Valley, Idaho; and East National Jumping Championship in Berlin, New Hampshire. It is safe to say that everyone's heart was in his mouth as he watched the country's champions, Otto Sagg, Dick Durrance, and Tony Matt "do their stuff." To the many ski enthusiasts in P. H. S. this assembly proved to be one of the most interesting that has ever been presented.

SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA

The third of the A. I. E. E. assemblies was a lecture by Dr. Richard Rowan, Secret Service Agent. Dr. Rowan told us that the United States has been at war with the

Japanese, the German, the Italian and the Russian Secret Service for nine years; that our country is honeycombed with their secret agents. We learned much about the different foreign operators and were initiated into the mysteries of the Hulsman bomb. After the assembly, everyone was inclined to look more keenly than usual at his neighbor on the chance that, after all, a secret agent might be lurking about.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

With the advent of the New Year, we are all planning to improve our lives. There will be no more shirking our school work or forgetting our homework. Perhaps if you haven't already made your resolution, you will get a few ideas from the resolutions of some of your classmates.

Resolved:

Don Clark—"To graduate—if possible!"

Peg Walsh—"To write bigger and better letters!"

Edmond King—"To see my dentist."

Cynthia Scribner—"To be less trouble to Mr. Gorman."

Everett Gleason—"To have no more arguments with Miss Kaliher. You can't win!"

Helen Wade—"To do the best I can!"

Don Moynihan—"To lay off the girls!"

Harriett Tanner—"To keep an eye on the alumni of P. H. S."

Leonard Volk—"Not to tell my resolution."

Nancy McVeigh—"To sing my solo in the first act correctly."

Vic Thrane—"To stay away from all women."

Dick Kaufman—"To learn to read music."

Martha Chapman—"To stop blushing so often."

Charlie McCarthy—"No more blondes, brunettes, or redheads!"

Evelyn Denno—"To make up my mind and keep it made up!"

Fred Thane—"To keep away from Miss Nagle's room!"

Edythe Boice—"To do my homework—if absolutely necessary!"

Jack Wilkinson—"To run the Jr. Class (ragged) to the best of my ability!"

Calvin Tainter—"To make bigger and better love to Cynthia!"

Alice Prendergast—"To keep the aisles clear."

Don Gabree—"To think up a good resolution for next year!"

Jeanne DeLoye—"More work—less talk."

FOR SOPHOMORES ONLY

Well, children,—don't look so offended, you are still children to our eyes, even though you know enough not to annoy your upperclassmen—life has begun to look bright again for you. Only once in a great while do you hear the nagging voice of a junior or senior reminding you of your lowly station in life. Seldom, if ever, do you make a mistake. Since we feel your education along certain lines might be sadly neglected, we have gathered together a number of interesting facts, solely for the purpose of further increasing your small and inadequate store of knowledge.

Did you know:—

That the telephones in the classrooms are to be used for business purposes only, and it isn't considered good policy to try to call your girl on them?

That the movies shown in the auditorium are supposed to be educational? Please refrain from catching up on your lost sleep!

That Miss Parker and Mr. Moran are not in the office for the purpose of entertaining students when classes get dull?

That Shakespeare is undoubtedly so famous because he used so many familiar quotations?

That sooner or later an innocent worm is going to give his life so you may increase your fund of scientific knowledge?

That it is not considered honest to say you're taking a shower in gym when you've only got one foot in?

SEEN AND HEARD AROUND THE SCHOOL

... Ask MR. MALONEY about that counterfeit dollar bill that was found on the floor in his room ... Why does Anne Pomerantz blush at the mention of gym suits and the Y. M. C. A.? ... Mr. Gorman has a brand new nickname—"Daddy" ... Miss Nagle struggling to keep order in her fourth period study hall ... Palma Passero wearing not one, but two classpins—Wonder who the lucky fellows are? ... Report card joys and sorrows ... Peg Walsh using a hammer to call the Debating Club to order ... Celia Conroy and her mile long pencil ... Cynthia Scribner playing certain scenes for "Penzance" quite well—or so we hear ... Bobby Barritt taking a ribbing from Mr. Gorman about her great football hero ... Mr. Herberg diagnosing the dread mathematical disease of "cancilitis" ... Who is the poetic genius who masquerades by the initials J. C.? Could it be Joe Condron?

SCHOOL HIGHLIGHTS

One of our guests (a sophomore to you) spent his last five cents on a sandwich in our cafeteria with the anticipation of enjoying a delicious cream cheese and nut filling. But, alas! He found instead two pieces of bread separated by absolutely nothing. Could it be that we're on European war rations—or did Yehudi (who's everywhere these days and might be reading over your shoulder this very minute) get the stuffings first?

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE OPERETTA

We suggest that Mr. Gorman put nice soft padding on the auditorium stage so that the girls in the operetta may fall on their knees without bruising them. Virginia Ranti has succeeded in getting hers quite black-and-blue.

Calvin Tainter still isn't accustomed to making love to a girl in public. Cynthia,

however, is doing very nicely, thanks to her experience in "The Mikado". The resulting romance is very one-sided to the annoyance of Mr. Gorman and to the amusement of the rest of the cast.

How the operetta missed Barbara Barrett during her absence! At least one rehearsal was rather off tune.

DEBATING NOTES

At the semi-annual meeting held on January 8 officers were elected for the remainder of this school year. They are: *President*, Margaret Walsh; *Vice President*, Modestino Criscitiello; *Secretary*, Helen Wade. William Kelley was appointed parliamentarian.

At the January 24th meeting a debate was held on whether or not the United States should enter the war as a military force. Another debate was held January 28 on whether or not military training should be compulsory for all high schools. The negative side won both these debates.

STAMP CLUB

Officers of the Stamp Club for the ensuing term are: *President*, William St. John; *Vice President*, Stanley Moran; *Secretary*, Margaret Grutter; *Treasurer*, Lincoln Wiley. The election was presided over by Stanley Moran, the retiring president.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

On Friday, Jan. 10, members of the Motion Picture Club attended the picture, "Santa Fe Trail". Topics on the picture were: "The History of West Point," "John Brown at Harper's Ferry", "Condition of Slavery in the United States in 1850's", and "Methods of Shipping and Transportation in 1850's." Character sketches of the leading players were given by Irene Flossic, Loretta Fortier, Eleanor Grancour, Mary Denno, and Clara Sheppard.



By Dick Kaufman

YOU can imagine my disappointment and chagrin when a few well-intentioned, but music-loving, friends requested a more high-brow column, i.e., symphony records and stuff. This was so unusual, and incidentally, so out of my line, that I cannot help but continue my good work and refuse their request.

Having thusly dispensed with the customary introductory paragraph, let's get back to the disc coveries.

BENNY GOODMAN comes back—but good! His new records with his band and sextet are some of his best; and, brother, that's really good. Especially noteworthy are Eddie Sauter's arrangement and Helen Forrest's singing of *The Man I Love*, *Benny Rides Again* with a neat Cootie Williams intro and some great clarinetting by the King. Sure is great to hear Goodman on wax again. (C).

SIDNEY BECHET plays clarinet with a great amount of feeling on his trio's record of *Blues in Thirds*. Notably aiding is Father Hines' fine piano. (V).

ARTIE SHAW's *Gramercy Five's* apings of the Goodman sextet are saved in part by Billy Butterfield's trumpet. (V).

WILL BRADLEY's boys, following Joe Weidman's driving horn, really move through a mad opus entitled *Celery Stalks at Midnight*. That great rhythm section of Will's, which was rave-viewed in October, plays a neat little bit in the *Beat-Me-Daddy* vein called *Down the Road Apiece*. (C).

By the way, while on the subject of music, don't miss the *Pirates of Penzance*.



By Margaret Walsh

ALL that most of us know about Indians has come from scattered paragraphs in our history books. But if you want the real story of the relations between the Indian and the "paleface", read "Indians of the Americas" by Edwin Embree.

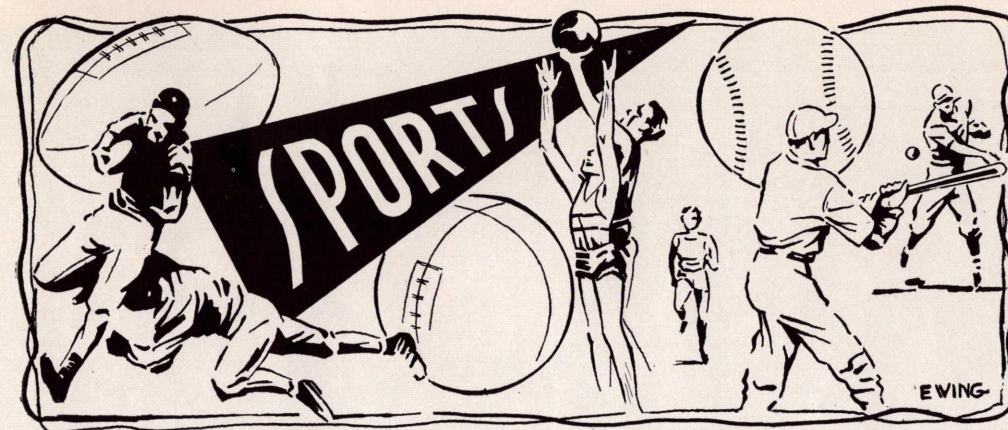
Another four star book is Robert S. Playfair's interesting and modern story about sports. "The Crimson Road," will appeal to every sports-loving boy. This simple story of Mark Haskins' years at Harvard can easily be called the best seller of Mr. Playfair's books.

The best news so far this year is the addition of the large volume of "Gilbert and Sullivan Operas" to our collection of stories on operas. This book includes "The Mikado", "Trial by Jury", "H. M. S. Pinafore," and ever so many others.

Also obtainable in the library are leaflets which will prove useful in helping to find subject material. Here are directions for using the card catalog, the magazine index, and reference books. Next time you drop in, take a pamphlet. They are just inside, on your right as you enter.

For further reading:

Code of the West, by Zane Grey
David Harum, by Wescott
Campus Days, by R. Paine
Careers, by I. David Cohen
American Biographies, by Wheeler Preston
Sorrell and Son, by Deeping
Oliver Wiswell, by Kenneth Roberts.
American Boy Sports Stories—American Boy magazine.
Choosing a College, by John R. Tunis.
School Atlas, by J. Paul Goode.
Increasing the Power of the Federal Government, by E. C. Buehler.
Life Planning and Building, by Harry Newton Clarke.
The Government in Massachusetts, Yesterday and Today, by Wilbur B. Armstrong.
An Encyclopedia of World History, by William Langer



PITTSFIELD FALLS 37 to 32

By Joe Tagliente

Before a crowd in P. H. S. gymnasium Bennington defeated Pittsfield 37-32. After gaining a margin in the early minutes of play, Pittsfield drifted far behind. Toward the close of the game the purplemen made a determined effort to overtake Bennington's lead but their attack fell short. Bennington was the smaller but the faster of the two clubs and depended upon its speed for its victory. By virtue of this defeat P. H. S. has sole possession of seventh place in the Northern Berkshire League.

Henderson tallied the first hoop after Heidel had gotten the tap on a jump ball. La Croix taking a pass from Brooks soon scored. Henderson tallied again and Kearns completed two foul shots. Taking a pass from Brooks, Kearns put Bennington in the van for good. Twice more Kearns basketed the oval and La Croix ended the quarter's scoring with a basket and a foul shot, Bennington leading 13 to 8. Pittsfield started the second period with a beautiful attack. After Masterson had made a foul shot, Henderson sank two set shots. Kearns scored twice in rapid succession. Procopio, Pittsfield's star left guard, threw a long set shot. Russell scored for Bennington and Francis for Pittsfield, with Neidel making a foul point. The half found Bennington with an increased margin 19-14. At the end of the third quarter the score read P. H. S.—18, Bennington—27.

Pittsfield's greatest action came in the last stanza. Four baskets by Bennington increased it to 35-18. After making two foul shots, Pittsfield started like a hurricane. Both Masterson and Henderson tallied two hoops. Ottaviano sank one for Bennington, its last score. The purple surge came on with scores by Francis and Masterson. The first score was Bennington 37, Pittsfield 32.

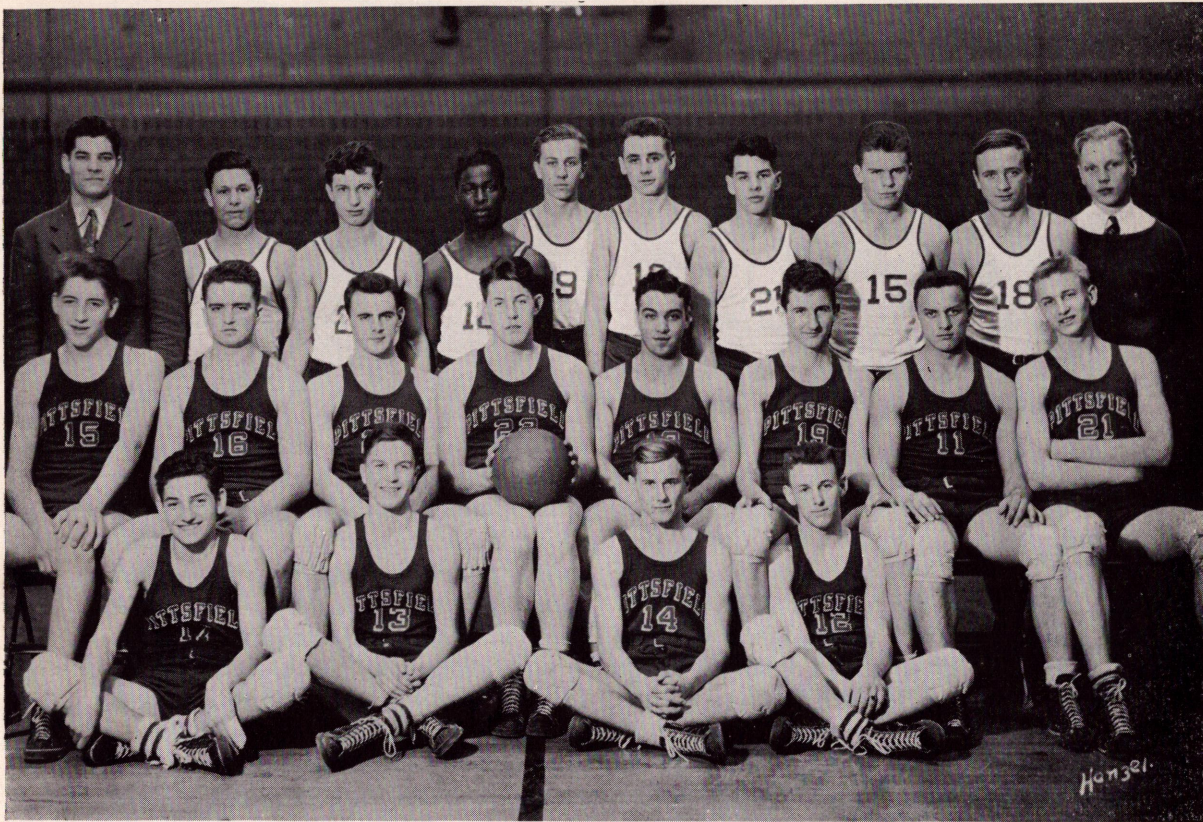
Kearns of Bennington was the star of the night with 16 points. Not far behind him was Pittsfield's Henderson. Joe Masterson also gave an excellent account of himself and showed a scoring ability by obtaining 7 points.

DRURY VANQUISHES PITTSFIELD

By Joe Tagliente

Drury, leader of the Northern Berkshire League, crushed a floundering and inconsistent Pittsfield team 44 to 25. Drury had no trouble after the first few minutes of play. Pittsfield held the Drury lion at bay until the break came and Pittsfield fell apart. Wild purple passes also sought to increase Drury's lead.

Pittsfield began scoring with a Masterson foul shot. Lipa also converted a foul shot. Fenton after intercepting a Pittsfield toss passed to Rinaldi who sank the oval on a push-upshot. Henderson dropped a dizzy shot from the right corner. Pittsfield led after Henderson completed two free tries. Strong, a sub for Lipa, quickly found the hoop with a set shot. Rinaldi scored, Lipa



converted a foul shot, and Lesage tallied a long shot. The score at the quarter was Drury —10, Pittsfield —5. Mezejewski tallied on a lay-up shot. Both Lesage and Francis completed foul shots, while Fenton dropped a long shot in. Little Tony Rinaldi intercepted a Pittsfield pass and threw to Lipa who then tallied. Lipa afterwards made a foul shot and another basket. Here Pittsfield made two substitutions, Heidel for Masterson and Rozanski for Procopio. Drury was far ahead at the intermission 23 to 8.

Starting the third quarter, Drury scored with loops by Lesage and Fenton. Henderson then tallied on a nice one handed toss. Lesage hooped a set shot while Francis completed a foul shot. Then Fenton found the basket on a long throw. After stealing the ball, Henderson dribbled in for a lay-up shot. Then added a free try. D'Arkangelo sank one

while Lipa hit the mark twice more. After Francis tallied, the third stanza ended in Drury's favor 39-17. Both Heidel and Flossic scored for Pittsfield while Rozanski dropped a foul shot. Cole then double-countered for Drury while both Flossic and Pessanlo sank free tries. Intercepting a pass, Hopkins dribbled in for a basket. Cameron and Fenton completed foul shots as the game ended, Drury —44, Pittsfield—25.

Tony Rinaldi and Bernie Lesage stole the show with their outstanding play for D. H. S. Rinaldi had 8 points and Lesage had 10 but Rinaldi's greatest contribution to his team's success was his retrieving the ball off the banks time and again. Other outstanding players were Lipa of Drury and Henderson of Pittsfield. Ironically enough the boy who threatened to upset the appletart for Drury was a former Drury player, George Henderson.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Bertha C. Thomson and Rosemary McHugh

TRACK

Now that the jumping and running are over, let's see who has the title. Believe it or not, the present senior class has won a tournament through the strenuous efforts of Agnes Cullen (our Mexican Jumping Bean). Blanche Eulian, a junior, placed second, and Jean Stanley, a sophomore, third.

BADMINTON

The badminton season has been divided into thirds. The first third, for juniors, has already been played with Wanda Woitkowski and Frances Londergan the winning partners. The second third, for sophomores, is now being held. The idea is to have from five to six lessons; then a contest is held for the two best doubles players. When the sophomores complete their tournament, the seniors will begin playing. The winning couples from each class will compete for their letters.

BOWLING

Ninety girls are preparing at the Y. M. C. A. alleys for the finals in bowling. They will practice for a period of ten weeks. Scores in the tournament will be determined by averaging the last three scores. The winner and second and third placers will receive letters at the spring demonstration.

SWIMMING

A number of our girls participated recently in a swimming meet at Providence, R. I. Although our placings were not high, our swimmers did a fine job. Margaret Ward, Bernice Gillette, Ann Roberts, and Pat McConkey (St. Joseph's School) placed fourth in the 400-yard free style relay. Rose Reed placed fourth in the 220-yard Senior New England breaststroke event.

In this event two of her contestants were Edith Saltischah of Olneyville and Dorothy Leonard of Worcester, both qualifying for the Olympics.

Margaret Ward and Marjorie Wallin placed third and fourth in the 100-yard free style event.

Our team is planning another meet in the near future with Worcester.

EXHIBITION !!!

The girls are beginning rehearsals for the Gym Exhibition to be held in the near future. The theme of the exhibition is "See America First By Air." This sounds good, so be sure to mark a night for this exhibition on your calendar.

MANNERS FOR MOTORISTS

(Continued from page 11)

will waive the right of way right back. Of course, the first motorist will relinquish his right of way, and so it will continue this waiving of rights of way and waving of hands until one of two things happens. Either both motorists, tired of waiting, start out at the same time—bang! Or both motorists, after waving and waiving, drop dead from sheer physical exhaustion—the latter way is, of course, the more gallant, and—oh, yes, son,—the more ridiculous.

The American people are the Jekyll and Hyde of manners—all disciples of Emily Post in the drawing room, but in an automobile—look out, brother!!

The flu flew in the window
And made Fluella sick,
Call Dr. Flueth to cure the Flu
So Flueth will get well quick.



While strolling down the corridor the other day, (and it wasn't in the girls' locker section, either), your two favorite (?) reporters over-heard this enlightening conversation:

"Hi, Mary, why the dreamy gaze in your eyes?"

"I don't know—I was just wishing that I was one of the alumnae of P. H. S. after that awful quiz. Look at Dorothy Shelton, the pessimistic poetess, and former editor of THE PEN. She took the fateful step December 28th and became Mrs. Kelsey E. Robbins."

"She's not the only one. I heard that Vesta Martin is another blissful bride. She is now Mrs. Leo Melle."

"Never mind, Mary, it won't be long now—Oh, there goes one of Jack's ex-flames."

"Jack who?"

"Why, Jack Dexheimer, of course. He's working hard for the Drew University football team. He is their very distinguished business manager. Moreover, he has just been elected president of his class."

"Oh yes, did you know that Jack Talbot, our hockey star, is a yearling on the Williams College puck squad, and Crosby Olinto, another hockey player, is working for the 'Berkshire Life.'"

"Mary, I forgot to tell you I was talking with Ken Weeks during the holidays. The

studious boy had only two more exams to take when he went back for his entrance to either West Point or Annapolis."

"Oh, I hope he gets in West Point."

"Well, whichever one Ken gets into, he will look marvelous in the uniform anyway."

"Yes, the college boys were surely 'flashes' in their uniforms, but give the girls of 1940 a few years."

"What do you mean?"

"The girls look pretty 'nifty' in their nurse's uniforms."

"Who are they?"

"Well, Dorothy Humphrey at Cooley-Dickenson, Mary Wise and Mary Flynn at Mt. Sinai Hospital, Virginia Platt and Jean Burness at House of Mercy."

"Say, did you hear about Bill Eckerson?"

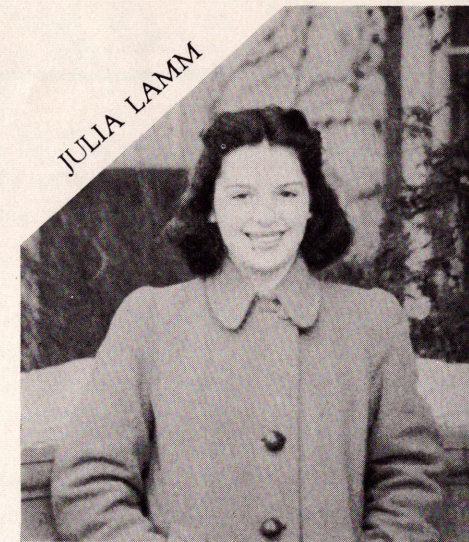
"No, what happened to him?"

"It was a sad state of affairs when the members of Colgate Skiing team went to Lake Placid only to find there was no snow. Never-the-less it looks as if Bill is going to be another Dick Durrance."

"I see where Marjorie Watkins has played cello solos at Skidmore College Vesper Service."

"Gee, I bet P. H. S. is going to be famous some day."

"Well, there goes the bell. Say, I wonder if our class will be as promising three years from now as these graduates are?"

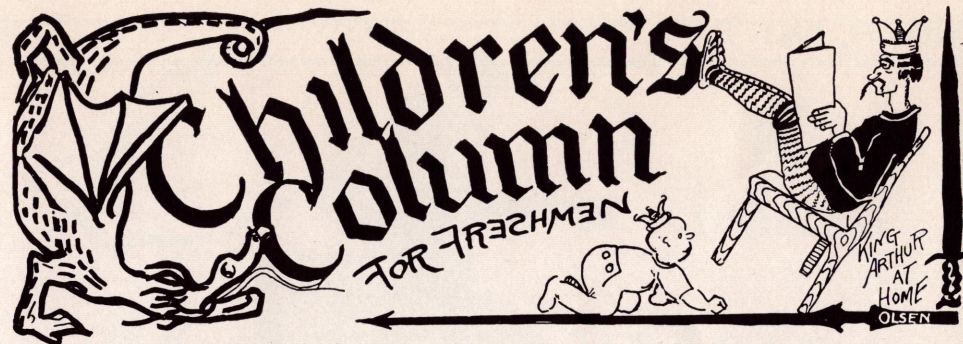


We now take pleasure in presenting to you Miss Julia Lamm, advertising manager of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Miss Lamm came to us from Central Junior High, where she was a famous go-getter, even back in those days!

Without Julia and her hardworking staff, THE PEN could not survive, because this good old earth certainly rotates on the dollar sign.

All you have to do now is to turn the page and you will find yourself behind the scenes with the advertisers.

DON'T FORGET TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS!



Ed. Crown: "I hope this rain keeps up."
Mr. Lynch: "Why?"
Ed. Crown: "Well, if it keeps up, it won't come down."

If you graduate from college with honors, it is "Cum Laude."
If you don't graduate, it is "Cum Again."

C-RAMMING?

"Let's run over a few things together," said the automobile driving instructor to his pupils.

Junior (as a pretty girl passed by): "Just think, chemically she is worth about five cents; but oh my, what a nickel's worth!"

Student: "Someone has operated on my history book."
Miss Kaliher: "What do you mean."
Student: "The appendix is gone."

Mr. Moran: "You're fifteen minutes late again. Don't you know when school starts?"
Student: "No, the first period has already started before I get here."

Student (reading aloud in class): "The inebriate did his imbibing in private."
Teacher: "Can you explain that sentence."

Student: "I think it means he had a little Scotch in him."

Teacher (to pupil who is slow starting his recitation): "What's holding you up, Jones?"
Jones: (making snappy comeback): "The chair."

STUDENT'S 'UP IN THE AIR' IN CLASS

The students in Mr. Herberg's Aviation class "float thru the air with the greatest of ease." Higher education has become a fact.

NOT A HEAT WAVE

Teacher: "How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?"
Student: "The earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours and in consequence of the tremendous pace it perspires freely."

'TAINT SO DEPARTMENT

By Peggy Anne Keeney

These things I love:
A Monday "fair and warmer"—back to school,
While rainy weekends are the general rule;
A football game we lost—O freezing toes!
A Senior staring down his haughty nose;
A Junior who's forgotten just last year
When he, too, was a Sophomore (and mere!)
Before that Date—Oh gosh! There goes a run!
The Other Woman who spoils all one's fun;
That phone call which turns out to be the plumber;
Departmentals—(are faces ever glummer?)
These things one could do very well without
One's not a Pollyanna—There's no doubt.

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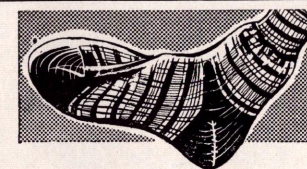
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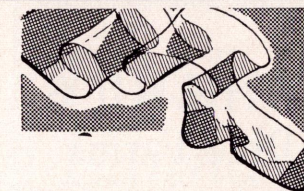
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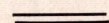
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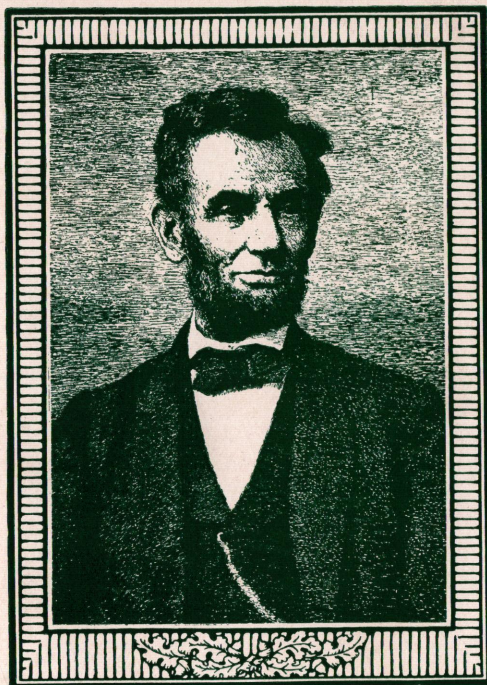
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